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A CHARMING WOMAN.

VOLUME IV.

A charming woman, I've heard it said By other women as light as ake; But all in vain I puzzled my head To find wherein the charm may be. Her face, indeed, is pretty enough, And her form is quite as good as the best, Where nature has given the bony stuff, And a clever milliner all the rest.

Intelligent? Yes—in a certain way,
With the feminine gift of ready speech,
And knows very well what not to say
Whenever the theme transcends her reach.
But turn the topic on thing to were,
From an opera cloak to a robe de nuit—
Hats, basques or bonnets—twill make you stare
To see how finent the lady can be.

Her laugh is hardly a thing to please;
For an honest laugh must always start
From a glessome mood, like a sudden breeze,
And her's is purely a matter of art—
A muscular form made to show
what nature designed to lie beneath
The inner mouth; but what can site do,
If that is ruined to show the teeth?

To her seat in church—a good half mile—
When the day is fine she is sure to go,
Arrayed, of course. In the latest style
Laynode de Paris has got to show,
And she juts her hands on the velvet new
(Can hands so white have a taint of sin?)
And thinks—how her prayer-book's tint or blue
Must harmonize with her milky skin!

Must harmonize with her milky skin i
Ab ! what shall we say of one who walks
In fields of flowers to choose the weeds?
Reads authors of whom she never-trade?
Reads nuthors of whom she never-trade?
She's a charming woman, I've heard it said
By other women as light as she;
But all in vain I peazle my head
To find wherein the charm may be.

—John G. Suxc.

HOW A WIFE GOT AN ALLOWANCE.

There were people enough to envy Millicent Haughton when she was married to Radcliffe Gates. She was only a district school teacher, at so much a month, without home or parents. He was a wealthy banker, who seemed to have nothing on earth to do but to indulge his whims and caprices to their uttermost bent, and the world in general announced its decision that Milly Haughton "had done uncommonly well for herself."

But Milly did not look happy upon that golden July morning, with the sun-shine streaming through the oriel win-dow of the great breakfast room at Gates Place, and scattering little drops of gold and crimson and glowing pur-ple on the mossy ground of the stonecolored carpet.

She was dressed in a locse white cambric wrapper, looped and buttoned with blue, and a single pearl arrow upheld the shining masses of her lovely auburn hair. Her eyes were deep, liquid hazel, her complexion, as saft, and redient as her complexion as soft and radiant as the dimpled side of an early peach; and the little kid-slippered foot that patted the velvet of among was a sculptor could

have wished it. Mr. Gates, from his side of the damask-draped table, eyed her with the complacent gaze of proprietorship. She-was his wife. He liked her to look well, just as he wanted his horses prop-erly groomed, and his conservatories kept in order; and he troubled himself very little about the shadow on her

"I'm in earnest, Radeliffe," she said, with emphasis.

"So I supposed, Mrs. Gates," said the husband, leisurely folding his paper -1 sign that the news within was thoroughly exhausted—"so I supposed. n't at all worth while to allow customers," said Mrs. Prowler. yourself to get excited. When I say a thing, Mrs. Gates, I generally mean it. And I repeat, if you need money for any sensible and necessary purpose, 1 shall be most willing and happy to accommodate you."

Millioent bit her full, red lower lip and drummed impatiently on the table with her ten restless flagers. "And I am to come meekly imploring you for every five-cent piece I happen to

"Yes, Mrs. Gates, if you prefer to put the matter in that light."
"Radeliffe, she coaxed, suddenly changing her tone, "do give me an allowed to the state of the ; I den't care how little. Don't subject me to the humiliation of plead-

in for a little money half-a dozen times a day. You are rich."
"Exactly, my dear," nodded this benedict, "and that is the way I made my fortune, by looking personally after every penny, and I mean to keep it

"But think how I was mortified yesterday, when Mrs. Armorer came to ask me if I could subscribe fifty cents towards buying a hand carriage for our washerwoman's child—only fifty cents—and I had to say, 'I must ask my husband to give me the money when he returns from the city, for I had not even fifty cents of my own."

All very right-all very proper,' said Mr. Gates, playing with a huge rope of gold that hung across his chest in the guise of a watch chain. "Other ladies are not kept penni-

less." "That rests entirely between themselves and their husbands, Mrs. Gates."
"I will not endure it," cried Milly, starting to her feet, with checks dyed

scarlet, and indignantly glistening eyes. Mr. Gates leaned back in his chair with provoking complacency.
"I will have money," said Milly de-

"How are you going to get it, my dear?" retorted her spouse, with an aggravating smile playing around the corner of his mouth. "You have nothing of your own—absolutely nothing. The money is all mine, and I mean to keep

Melly sat down again, twisting her picket handkerchief around and around. She was not prepared with an immediate answer.

"And now, Mrs. Gates," said the banker, after a moment or two of overwhelming silence, "if you'll be good enough to stitch that button on my glove, Ill go down town. I have airea y wasted too much time."

So the verbal passage at arms ended, and Milly felt that so far she was worsted.

Just then a servine knocked at the door with a basket and a note.

"An old lady in a Shaker bonner and a one horse wagon left it," said the girl, with a scarcely diggised litter of She wouldn't come in although I invited wouldn't come in although I invited

she cried out, "money that I will earn myself, and thus be independent!" Half an hour afterwards Mrs. Gates came down stairs, to the infinite amazement of Rachel, the changermaid, and Louisa, the parlor-maid, in a brown gingham dress, a white pique sun-bon-

net, and a basket on her arm.
"Won't you have the carriage,
ma'am?" asked the latter, as Mrs. Gates beckoned to a passing omnibus.
"No, I won't!" said the banker's

lady.
When within the city limits she alighted and set to work in good earn-

"Strawberries! who'll buy my wild strawberries?" rang out her clear, shrill voice, as she walked alonglightly balancing the weight on her arm, and enjoying the impromptu masquerade as only a spirited young woman can do.

Mrs, Prowler bought four quarts for preserving, at twenty-five cents per

quart,
"Wild berries has such a flavor," said the old lady, reflectively, "and tain't often you get 'em in the city. I s'pose you don't come round reg'lar. young woman?"
"No, I don't, ma'am."

Miss Seninthia Hall, who keeps boarders, prichased two quarts; Mrs. Capt. Carbury took one, and then Millicent jumped on the cars and rode werily down town.

"I ve got a dollar and seventy-five cents of my own, at all events,' said to her elf. "S.rawberries! Nice, ripe, wild

strawberries! Buy my strawberries!' Her sweet voice resounded through the halls of the great marble building, on whose first floor the great bank was situated.

It chanced to be a dull interval of business just then, and the cashier looked up with a yawn.
"I say, Bill James," said he, to the

youngest clerk, "I have an idea that a ew strawberries wouldn't go badly. Call in the woman.

Billy, nothing loth, slipped off his stool with a pen behind each ear, and scampered off into the hall.

So Milly sold another quart. As she was giving change for the cashier's dollar bill, the president himself came in, busiling and brisk as usual.

"Eh? What? How?" barked out Mr. Radeliffs Gates. "Strawberries? Well, I don't care if I take a few myself. Here, young woman, how do you sell them?"

Milly pushed back her sun-bonnet, and executed a sweeping courtesy.
"Twenty-five cents a quart, sir, if you please," purred she, with much

humility.

"Mrs. Gates!" he ejaculated.

"My name, sir," Millicent.

"May I venture to inquire—" "O, yes!" said Milly. "You may inquire as much as you please.

needed a little money, and I am earning it. See how much I have already!" and she triumphantly displayed her roll of crumpled stamps. "The strawberries were all my own, sent to me this morning by old Mrs. Peabody, and 'm seiling them to get an income of my own.

"You, ma'am, selling strawberries through the streets!"

Milly made a second courtesy. Extreme necessities justify extreme measures, Mr. Gates," said she, saucily. "I carned my own living before I saw

you, and I can again." Mr. Radcliffe Gates looked uneasily around at the crowd of gaping clerks. "James," said he, "call me a hack My dear, let me take you home.

Not until I have sold the rest of my strawberries," saucily retorted the young wife.

"I'll t ke all—at any price!" impatiently exclaimed the banker.
"Cash down?"
"Yes; anything, everything—only come out of this crowd."

worsted.

She watched Mr. Gates drive off in an elegant open barouche, drawn by two long tailed chestant horses; all in a glitter of plated hurness, and turned away, almost wishing that she was Millicent Haughton once again, behind her desk in the little red school-house.

She looked around at the inlaid furniture, Aubusson carpets, and satin window draperies, and thought with a passionate pang, how little all this availed her.

"Cash down?"

"Yes; anything, everything—only come out of this crowd."

So Mr. and Mrs. Gates went home; and that evening the banker agreed to make his wife a regular allowance of so much per week, to be paid down every Monday morning at the breakfast table.

"But we'll have no more selling wonsternes," said Mr. Gates, nerwonsternes, said Mr. Gates, nerwonsternes, and stilly. "All

sionate pang, how little all this availed vously.

'It's so provoking of Radeliffe," she is waited was a little money of my murmured. "I've half a mind to go own." I saw his soviette question out to service, or dragameting presume. And Mr. Radeliffe Gaies respected. thing—for I must have money of my his wife all the more because she had own, and I will." conquered him in a fair battle.

wouldn't come in, although I invited her."

Mrs. Gates opened the note, It van in a stiff, old fashioned caligraphy, is if the pen were an unwonted implement in the writer's hand:

"Dear Milly—Thestrawberries in the south medder lot are just life, where you used to pick 'em where you were a little girt, as Pendlope picked a lot, and we made bold to tend them to you, for the state of old times, as Annt Araminia is going to the city to-morrow. We hope you will like them. Affectionately, your friend, Mana Ann. Peanopn."

By unkindly nature, as in the case of deat mutes, dr compelled by arbitrary force to maintain a silence we abhor.

We occasionally read of people who, in a fit of caprice, resolve never to besent to be sentit of their discourse. But such people much wiser than our forefathers were; for we look rather to love than fear as the power by which children are to be intuenced. In the present day, when and women may be longacious, but voluntary silence is never to be expected for any human being possessed of the ordinary desire to secure information supposed to be locked up in the bosom of the parent, as the slave the torture. The tears sparkled in the bride's eyes. For an instant it seemed to her as if she were a merry child again picking strawberries in the golden rain of a July sunshine, with the scent of wild roses in the air and the gurgle of the little trout stream close by. And as she lifted the lid of the great basket of crimson, luscious fruit and inhaled the delicious perfume, a sudden idea started supposed to be locked up in the bosom of another, of any one gifted with a common anxiety to impart information to others. Tongues were made for young purposes, and humanity is apt to regard them. in its own case, as made for to scholastic disputants; but that no two of the human family will long re-main silent if placed within sight and hearing of each other, is an accepted fact. If they can think, as atrangers, of no other congenial point of interest, they will dilate upon the weather, and the way to mutual discourse thus opened upon neutral ground, the path to sociability becomes one of facility.

But, after all, mere speech is not con-versation in the stricter sense, and of those with whom we talk every day, how few really converse well—how few of them so interest us with their con versation that we listen to what they utter with gratification, and in their absence long to listen to them again.

conversation itself—the kind of conver-sation that first wins and then fasti-nates our attention—a gift only acquired by tuition and experience? The French think so, we presume, for a well-known professor in Paris advertises to "give lessons in the art of conversa-tion;" and if professors teach ladies, in youth, how to walk gracefully, why not how to talk in the same manner? For, although everybody walks and talks, not more than one in a hundred not more than one in a numered do either, without instruction, in a manner calculated to earn an honest compliment. The art of conversation per shelf bearing the silver teapot, cream jug, sugar basin, hot water ket-"No, I don't, ma'am." is realized as such in a moment by a Because you might get some good person unaccustomed to society, if suddenly introduced to a gathering of intellect. However fluent in speech and self possessed in manner upon ordinary occasions, even the boldest feel dis mayed upon entering a sphere pervaded by an atmosphere of mental culture They are at once conscious of their in-ability to rise to the level of their surroundings. They have language, and they may have assurance, but they the buoyancy inspired by a familiarity with the art of conversation-just as the untaught flounderer in deep water sinks because, with hands and feet like his neighbor, he lacks a knowledge of the art of swimming.

Bear Hunting.

Hunting the wild boar, as carried out in India, is a sport sui generis, for it can be compared to no other. In stag or fox hunting man plays but a secondary part in the game, as the hounds find, follow and kill; but in wild boar hunting it is widely different. The hunter himself searches for his quarry: he scrambles among rocks and ravines clothed with dense jungle to track up the boar, and when it is reared and fairly started he has a perilous pursuit. before him over an unknown country abounding with holes, rocks, stones, steep precipices and ragged mountains. After he has surmounted these obstacles, and by hard riding comes up to close quarters with the boar, he' has to depend solely upon his coolness and skill in managing his horse, to prevent it being ripped, as well as upon his dexterity in handling the spear, so as to kill the enraged and desperate animal, who shows fight to the last gasp, and who is never conquered until slain.

A thoroughly trained horse is a sine qua non in boar hunting, and a highmettled Arab stud makes the best hunter, as he is the most courageous, enduring and sagacious of the Indian breeds of horses, and is consequently he most easily trained,

The Deccan hunts have for many years maintained a very high prestige in boar hunting, and the various gatherings that have taken place at Ponah, Ormjabad, Hydrabad, Jalnah, Elichpore, Sholopore, and Nagpore have been well attended, and have produced most brilliant sport.

A Kansas hypochondriac, meditating upon the death of a dog-fancier in his neighborhood, gives vent to the mourn-ful thought: "Our great men are petering out sort o' rapid like these times. Whisky kills most of 'em; some tumble overboard, and 'casionally one gets hung."

Women in Old Times.

Old John Aubrey, in the collection Old John Aubrey, in the collection of traditionary memoranda which he made about the middle of the seventeent century, thus describes female education in the pre-reformation times: "The young women had their education in the nunneries, where they learned needle work, confectionery, surgery, physic (apothecaries and surgeons being then rare), writing, drawing, etc. That great class of young ladies who receive the benefits of our highest schools and seminaries spend their whole childhood and youth in receivwhole childhood and youth in receiving what is called an education, and then the vast majority come furth profoundly ignorant of what they most need to know. As to the science and Conversation as an Art.

We all converse or, in other words, talk with each other unless forbidden by unkindly nature, as in the case of a young infant, the cat or sneep would be dead not be able to the case of a young infant, the cat or sneep would be when we read in Aubrey's memoranda:
"The shild perfectly loathed the sight
of the parent, as the slave the torture." The daughters, well-grown women, were to stand at the cupbeard-side during the whole time of the proud mother's visits, unless, as the fashion was, leave was desired forsooth that a cushion should be given them to kacel on, after they had done sufficient penance in standing. The gantlemen had weed in standing. The gentlemen had prodig-ious face like that instrument which is used to drive feathers, and it had a handle at ienst one half as long, with which their caughters were corrected. Sir Edwin Coke, lord chief justice, told me he was an eye witness of it. The earl of Mr chester also used such a fan; but fa hers and mothers slashed their daugh ers in the time of their bosom discipl ne when they were perfect women."

The English Five O Clock Tea.

able "five o'clock tea," which is be

gathering, which only necessitates the production of more cups and saucers to supplement the hostess's usual ante-prandial refection; second, the meeting of ten or twelve guests invited specially to meet each other; third, the larger assembly, when the lady announces on her invitation card that she will be "At Home" for a certain number of days; fourth, the tea devoted to "Amateur Music;" and, lastly, the tea which is merely a day instead of a night reception. tion. For the casual five o'clock tea but little or no preparation is required. Intimate friends find the lady with her tle, and one or two cups and saucers; the lower shelf has a plate of thin bread and butter, a cake, and the reserve cups. A harlequin set is considered prettier than one of which all the cups are alike; those saucers which have sort of fan-shaped addition for holding a piece of cake or bread and butter when convenient. The second enterto inment differs somewhat; the scene is changed from the bouldoir to the drawing room, and the tea is placed on a larger table. If the hostess has no daughters, she generally gets some young lady to preside over the tea table, so as to leave her at liberty to entertain guests. The use of a white tablecloth, though not absolutely un-known, is decidedly unusual. The tables which have flaps that fold down so that when not in use they stand almost flat against the wall, are the most convenient for the purpose, as it obvi ates the trouble of moving the things off a table in ordinary use. For the third there are two methods; one like the preceding, only using a larger table and having two or three young ladies to assist in dispensing the tea, or else to have a long narrow table across the end of the back drawing-room, and let two maids be in attendance behind it. This supposes a larger party, and therefore ices and claret cup should be provided. In summer, of course, strawberries and cream find a most appropriate place on the tea table.

Fashion in New York.

Despite all the croaking about hard times, says a correspondent, New York is very gorgeous this winter. The turnouts on the avenue and in the park are as brilliant as ever, and even more so. Sales of extravagantly costly furniture are as frequent as ever, and the great jewelers and expensive dress peo-ple are doing more than their usual business. The fact is, the society woman in New York refuses to recognize the existence of hard times. She considers it the duty of the man who undertakes the contract of supporting her to farnish her with what she wants just as freely one year as another. If the poor fellow pleads embarassment and bad business, she answers, "What is that to me? I know nothing about your horrid stocks. I do know that I want that diamond necklace, and will have it." And she generally gets it, for several reasons. A man always stands in awe of a very handsome and very fashionable woman, and besides a great many New Yorkers have discovered that it is a very good thing to have safe from Canton, Ohio, to San Fran-\$50,000 or \$100,000 diamonds and cisco.

such things, which belong to his wife, to fall back upon. This is the secret of very much of the extravagance that is seen in the public places of the city. The peor feel the hard times, and those supposed to be rich may also, but the latter don't show it if they do. The theatres are filled nightly; the parties were never more brilliant or expensive. Of course smashes without number will occur; but they are having a good time occur; but they are having a good time while they can. This is the very center of Vanity Fair,

Anonymous Benefactions, alt de time, even in London. The secret was: Who was the anonymous donor of those sums of £1,000, who from time to time gladdened the hearts of the managers of deserving charities. It was generally observed that the initials given were those of the charity which was benefitted, although that was not always the case. Conjecture was rife as to who could be the giver. Wealthy he must be for the sum total of all these donations amounted to a figure considerable enough to be in itself a fortune; that he was benevolent was equally certain from the fact of his donations; and that he gave without any desire for retime, even in London. The secret was that he gave without any desire for return in the way of personal distinction was evident from the pains that he took to keep himself hidden—pains greater than those which some spend in making themselves known. But the secret is now revealed. The death of Mr. Benjamin Attwood, of Cheshuat, drew back the vail of contentment. He had the min Attwood, of Cheshuat, drew back the vail of controlment. He had the satisfaction of seeing that some good was done with the money which he gave. He has given away upward of £375,000. Nor has he been neglectful of those who had claims of relations; for among those more or less closely connected with him he has distributed marks a those more or less closely connected with him he has distributed nearly a million sterling. The money thus charitably employed consisted partly of Mr. Attwood's private fortune and partly of that bequeathed to him some years ago by the late Matthias Wolverly Attwood, M. P. Mr. Attwood had reached the sge of eighty years, was unmarried, and lived very quietly, though so rich. His luxury was that or doing good quietly and we have no doubt it was one he thoroughly enjoyed. Each man has his own mode of enjoyment, and there are many who share in Mr. Attwood's benevolent feelings, though few have such sample means of gratifying them. The world is better for such

Literary Composition.

at the rate of two hundred lines a day

and sent it to the press as it was writ-ten, published it with hardly a correc-

tion. Lope de Vega wrote three hun-

dred dramas for the stage in one hundred days. The average amount of his work was nine hundred lines a day.

Voltaire wrote "Zaire," in three weeks, and "Olympie" in six days; Dryden wrote his "Ode to St. Cecilia" at a sit

ting. The finest of Elizabeth Barrett

Prowning's poems, "The Lady Geral-dine's Courtship," was the work of

plete the original two volumes of her

poetry, and to send out with her proofs

to America. Shakspeare was not one of

peare, with his thirty four plays, has conquered the world. Dickens, when he intended to write a Christmas story,

shut himself up for six weeks, lived the

life of a hermit, and came out looking as haggard as a murderer. Tom Moore,

with all his effervescence and sparkle

thought it quek work if he added seventy lines to "Lalla Rokh" in a week

although living out of the world in a

writing-box in the peak. Planche pro-

duced his burlesque at an equally slow

rate, thinking ten or a dozen lines a day

good work. The author of "Caste" and "School" was one of the slowest of

workmen. Even Albany Floublanque often wrote his articles in the Examiner

six times over before he thought them

fit to go to press—it is said he wrote and rewrote his "Two Queens" eight times.

That exquisite trifle of Kinglake's,

"Eothen," was rewritten five or six times, and kept in his desk almost as

long as Wordsworth kept "The White

Pawabrokers.

Few of our readers are probably aware of the immense extent to which

the poor in this city make use of loans

from the pawnbrokers' shops. There are in New York and Brooklyn some

400 of these, and in Jersey City and

Hoboken sixty. They advance to the

poor during each year some \$4,000,000.

These loans are usually for thirty days, and the rate of interest is from eight

to twenty per cent. per month. The article pledged for the loan is usually

three times the value of the sum lent,

and is often never redeemed, owing to the distress or poverty of the person borrowing. If the interest is from

eight to ten per cent. per month, it will

be seen that the pawnbrokers make

some hundred per cent, on their loans,

or about four millions annually from the poor; and it is not improbable they

get as much more from the sale of the articles pawned.—New York Times.

THE late vast accession of bousnza

wealth which San Francisco has en-

joyed has led to the construction, by a

banking company, of a safe or vault

thirty feet long, twenty five feet wide, and nine feet high, in which to deposit bonanza drippings. The lot on which

this monster treasury stands cost \$400.

000, and the safe \$150,000. It required

a train of forty cars to transport the

Doe of Rylstone."

these slap-dash workers; and Shaks

It was written to com

welve hours.

Byron wrote "The Corsair" in ten days.

One secret was well kept for a long

A curly, bright head, and percled upon it

Little Bag-tag of a brown sun-bonnet;
A pair of old shoes forever untied,
Whose soles have holes, whose toes grin wide.

Come -un or come shade, come shine or come
rain.

SAVINGS AND DOINGS.

rain,
To l.t. to Rag-tag it's ever the same:
With an air of the most supreme content,
She paddles and plays fill the day is spent. She paddles and plays till the day is spent.

Why people complain she never can see, swell the when God is as good as ever can be;
She talks to herself, and langhs, and sings less form about the world and its beautiful things;
But, though he is good to all of the rest;
She is very sure that he leves her best oh, how much better this world would was if we all had hearts like little rasping and the converse of th

eighty-five dozen are made in convnts. I has
"I THOUGHT 'twas queer he didn't i tadt
holler out the last time I hit him," said
Mrs. Huse, of Alsbams, to the jury tadT
who were trying her for the murder of i main
her husband.

her husband.

And Ediza lectured six times in legisit
Salt Lake City, and on the first night alignit
fifteen of Brigham's daughters sat on larged
the front seat and made faces at her, in a find

BUTLER COUNTY, Missouri, has the most eccentric genius on record. He is now sixty-five years of age. At the age on an of twenty-one he commenced to count years two billions. He has counted almost incessantly ever since, and his task is made still incomplete. He says he wants to the count that number and die happy.

THE SUNNY SOUL.—
There is many a rest on the read of life 2 1113 cont
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the queulous heart would wake it;
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust no'er falleth,
The grass is green, and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

A Privisited woman wants to wager will al \$500 that she can walk fifty hours with a sint out rest or sleep. You may succeed, slass madame, but it will not be as easy nor half such a comfort to you as to lie band close to the side of the bed and jaw to and keep your husband awake that length of time.

Tan prefecture of police of Toklo, III. lar: "Any person in European costume of I meeting his imperial majesty will be made obliged to salute the emperor by hold-ing his hat under his left arm and lowering his right hand to his knees. Those who do not wear a hat will be obliged to lower both hands to the liners

VERY stern parent indeed: ! Come winfo schoolmaster has made against you? Much injured youth: "It's just noth nother ing at all. You see Jimmy Hughes, bent nother a pin, and I only just left it on the teacher's chair for him to look at, and take he came in without his spees, and sat hideright down on the pin, and now he wants to blame me for it." ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.

ENGLISH FRONUNCIATION.—
[The ease with which the English language can be acquired by foreigners will be understood after a perusal of the following:]

Wife, make me some dumplings of deugh,
They're better than meat for my cough;
Pray let them be boiled till hot through
But not till they're heavy or tough.

Now—I must be off to the plough, And the boys, when they've had enough, and Tab Must keep the flies off with a bough, While the old mare drinks at the trough.

Inside of the hat of a cattle thief recently arrested in Detroit were found pasted the following maxims: "Remember that truth is a jewel; do not ideal covet; respect old age; be content with what you have; live that men will take your character as an example." In con- un in sideration of this excellent principles would governing the man's life the judge iside kindly allowed him to retain the printed slip containing them during his year's sojourn in the penitentiary.

The Origin o Indian Names. A member of Major Powell's expedi-

tion, which has been engaged in the territories, furnished the Tribune some interesting notes of the discoveries made in the origin of Indian names. It seems that each tribe or primary or-if ganization of Indiane, rarely including district more than two hundred souls, is, in obedience to the additional laws of these people, attached to some well-defined in to territory or district, and the tribe takes the name of such district. Thus the U-intats, known to white men as a branch of the Utes, belonged to the Uintah valley. Uimp is the name for pine; too meap, for land or country; U-im-too-meap, pine land; but this has been contracted to U-in tah, and the tribe inhabiting the valley were called U-in tats. U is the term signifying arrow; U-too-meap, arrow land. The region of the country bordering on Utah lake is called U too-meap because of the great number of reeds growing there from which their arrow-shafts were made. The tribe formerly inhabiting Utah valley was called U-tah ats, which has been corrupted into the name Ute by the white people of the country. The name U tah ats belonged only to a small tribe living in the vicinity of the lake, but it has been extended so as to include the greater part of the Indians of Utah and Colorado. Another general name used by white men is Piutes. A tribe of U-tah-ats being defeated and driven away by a stronger tribe, who occupied their country and took their name, were obliged to take a new name corresponding to the new home in which they settled themselves. But they also colled themselves Pai U-tah ats or true U-tah ats. The corrupted name Piutes is now applied to the Indians of a large section of country. Several of these tribes have numerous names, and in this way the number of individual tribes has probably been much overestimated.